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The Kaimin

University of Montana



1905

FEBRUARY

THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

FEBRUARY.

VOLUME 8.

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NUMBER 5.

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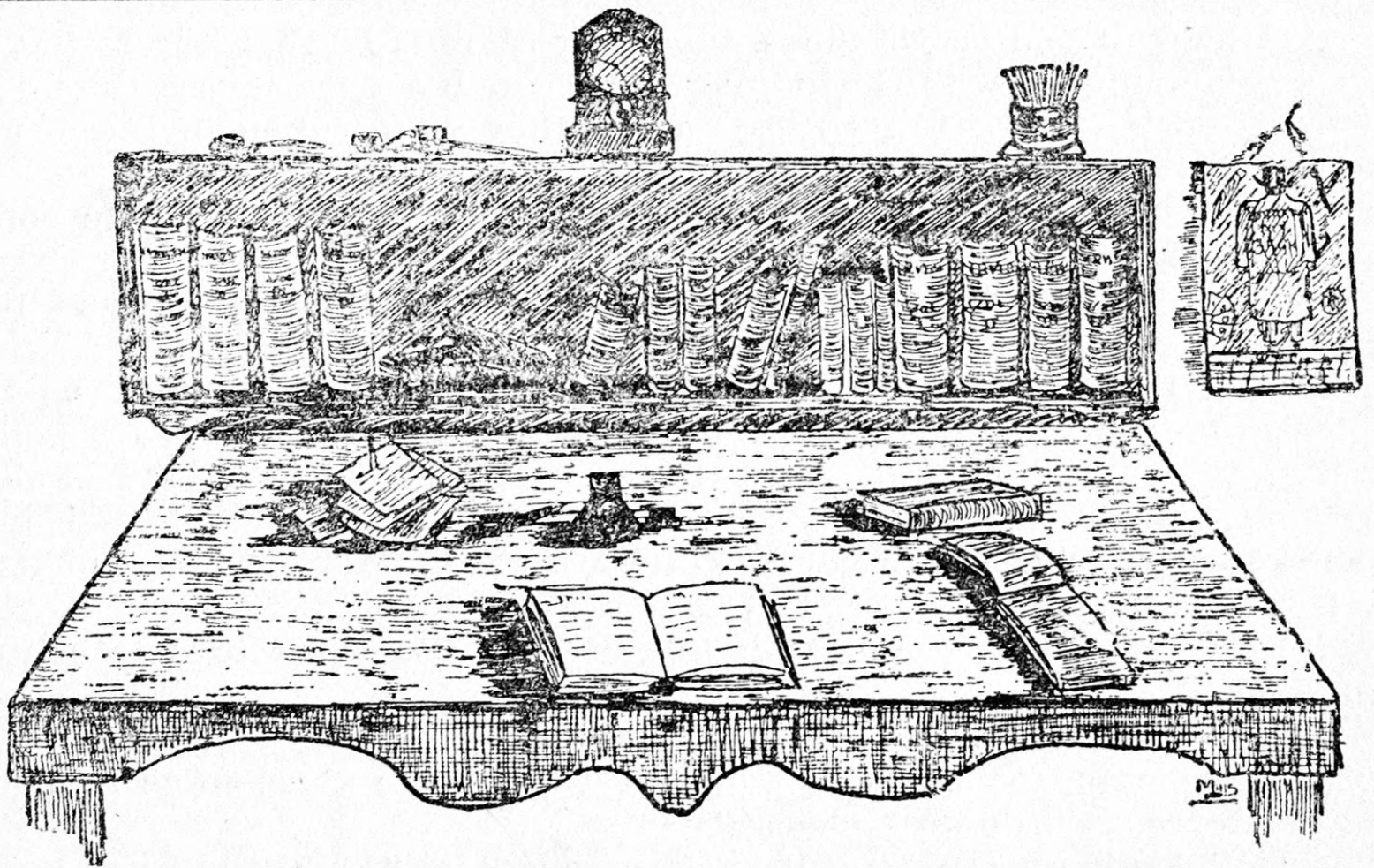
THE KAIMIN

A Literary Magazine

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Editors: Jessie M. Bishop, '05. Joseph W. Streit, '07

Smack for Smack

"I'll wait on you cooks now. I'm full up to the chin."

"All right Jack, we're tired to death as well as starved. Threshing is a purgatory I have to go through every year. Oh, dear!" sighed Mary, Jack's sister, as she dropped into a chair at the long table.

"I wish I didn't have to go home tomorrow, Mary. I think this is such fun! Such bushels of things to prepare for the meals, and then the hurry-scurry to wait on those barbarian threshers. Why, sometimes I find myself gaping open-mouthed at them. Landy! Is that the

way the people here eat all the time? Why, they act like wolves,—grab, grab,—and poke, poke down everything just as it comes in sight. And they don't pass or ask for anything! I heard one man holler, 'Spuds!' and two or three, keeping right on chewing, 'Aw leave the spuds alone an' eat your dinner.'

"Coffee, tea or tay-tay, Mary," asked Jack.

"Tea."

"Might a known that; just been reading about an old maid," and Jack dodged into the kitchen.

"Ha, Ha!" laughed Mary, refreshed by her hot tea. "A hit already, Mag. How can you resist those 'appealing glances of that great shaggy Hansen who ducked his head and rolled up his eyes every time you filled his coffee cup? What did you say they were called in the city?"

"Goo-goo eyes, I guess you mean."

"What's that about goo-goo eyes?" asked Jack, bringing in some hot biscuits.

"Waiters aren't supposed to converse with the ladies," snapped out Mary.

"Oh, they're not! What nigger are you talking to, please. He seems to be invisible, if you have any. I think I'll rest my weary bones awhile; been working pretty hard throwing grain sacks today," and sitting down beside Maggie he poured out a half-glass of cider-vinegar, and raising it said: "Here's to your health, Miss Maggie," and then put it to his lips.

Both girls sprang up, Maggie clutching his wrist to detain him.

"Don't be a fool, Jack," cried Mary.

"Please don't, Jack," pleaded Maggie.

All in vain, for Jack doggedly tried to tip the glass so as to drink and muttered, "I'll do as I please."

But Maggie firmly kept it back, persuading, "Jack, don't you know it will make you sick? It's so strong it'll burn you up. Won't you let it alone for me, Jack?"

"I wish you would all let me alone!"

"Well, then, let me dilute a little for you."

"No!" and he lightly tapped her hand to make her let go.

"Oh, you provoking boy!" and Mag slapped both his cheeks, she afterward admitted, harder than she meant to.

"The law is smack for smack," he cried, jumping up and catching her arm, forgetting the glass of vinegar.

With a quick movement his sister had it and rushed with it, vinegar bottle and all, to the kitchen, returning just in time to see Mag wildly waving her arms, crying, "Oh, you horrid thing, Jack!"

"Smack for smack," he argued.

"You shan't do it. I'll—Oh!" and she slammed the door.

It was done. Sweet Sixteen had been kissed.

"Remember, smack for smack, I must pay my dues. One more with interest, my dear," he called after her.

"Jack, I'm 'ashamed of you," indignantly explained his sister Mary. "As old as you are—almost nineteen; its time you were thinking about being a gentleman!" and she stalked away.

Whew!" whistled Jack, going out to feed the horses.

When he came in he took out his notebook and pencil, and left this note on the table for Maggie.

Woodland, Mont., Oct. 2nd.

One day after date for value received, I promise to pay Miss Margaret Wellington, one smack with interest. Due, Oct. 3, enroute for depot.

JACK WHITE.

"Hurry up, Mag, Jack is calling, he says it's almost train time," said Mary the next morning. "I'm 'awfully sorry to see you go; you've been a great help to me. I appreciate such a friend as you are. I wish Jack did. Forget his pranks, if you can Mag. Good-bye."

The following week Mary brought in a letter and handed it to Jack, scarcely able to keep back her sisterly curiosity while he was opening it.

What in thunder is this thing!" he exclaimed, "A bill! It can't be mine," and he read half-aloud to himself, "To a modern Shylock."

Date	Debit		Credit
Oct. 2	M. W.	1	
Oct. 3	M. W.	2	2
		3	
			Balance due 1
			3

Date	Debit		Credit
Oct. 2	Shylock	2	
Oct. 3	Shylock		1
	Balance due	1	2
		3	
			3

"A mutual debt," he cried.

"You've not been getting in debt Jack?" anxiously asked Mary.

"To be or not to be, that is the question," and I guess it's 'to be,' " said Jack as he carefully folded the note and placed it safely in his inside pocket.

"To be!" what are you talking about, Jack?"

"I don't know, write Mag, she can tell you WHEN."

—F. A. W.

Version No. 2

From time to time we note in the newspapers and magazines certain articles concerning "College Spirit." We are not surprised to find it mentioned in connection with cane rushes, midnight orgies, tobasco hazings, "football massacres," twisted joints and cracked cocoanuts, because even the students themselves have, or choose to have, such diverse conceptions in regard to its true nature. The pity is that so many students identify it with their own natures and thus find a pretext for extravagance and self-illusion under the guise of learning. It may be that the municipal laws do not apply to the college student, it may be that private rights make excellent stuff for sport, it may be that public property is amenable to scholarly demolition, and a thousand other things may be—but the conservative student, nay the conservative public may not view it in this light. We may not care what the public thinks. It would behoove us of the public schools, and especially the highest, to think again. It seems peculiar that we do not all realize, at least in part, the advantages that are ours from the very start of our college course, yet there are many that don't.

But, however, this may be, and whatever the characteristic types may be, there is one element that will enter into and largely determine the success of all; and that is a liberal infusion of genuine wholesome college spirit into every college activity whether it be the classroom or the gridiron. Yes, a genuine college spirit that can wind a good vigorous "Missoulacum" whenever the occasion arises, and lend a zest and spice to the every act of its owner, bringing him to the end of his four years' course with an ample regard for the things around him and a wholesome reverence for the WHY of them all—his Alma Mater.

It is this positive side that concerns us here. Yet it is well to do something—but be careful what you do. Occasionally we find the student, and he may be sincere, who would inaugurate a general system of reforms including athletics and what not, and who makes numerous and noisy suggestions along these lines. They may be valid or they may not be, but let him give others credit for their honest intentions, the while remembering that though defects are grievous and sometimes conspicuous, they are the necessary order of things. The man who goes through college and does not learn to respect the opinions and judgements of others has missed something and he has missed something big. We do not know that Jacques is to be blamed for his melancholy, though he suffers the brunt of sarcasm; nor can we justly blame the student who can find nothing but a spirit of the meanest quality among his fellows, but we believe that his particular college course may be made to subserve great and desirable ends, and that by a process of introspection he can find a broad and adequate field for the application of his most cherished principles. Without a fair square view of

the world and its people we fear knowledge will fail as the seal of all happiness.

The student that has the ability incident to participation in all or even many of the different phases of college life is a dozen times fortunate. How many times has it been found that the man active in athletics, oratory and debate, and as a member and office holder in all the different societies and clubs and musical organizations, is also the man who is active in his studies. There have been such men, and there are more of them in the smaller institutions about the land than in the larger and the reasons are obvious. But all of these things mean work, and plenty of it; they mean midnight oil, and plenty of it. And as a general thing the man that has the most to do is the most willing to take on more and does it quietly and without hope or want of recognition—and he is seldom disappointed. But more than this, it will generally be found that in the subscriptions which seem necessary for different things, his name will always be present and often heads the list. And furthermore, it will be found to his credit that in the numerous honors conferred upon him from time to time there is not one that came or was instigated at his bidding. These are honors that come from sheer recognition of ability, and there is a satisfaction about them that savors of true honor. A student may have an enviable record as a scholar and still be wanting in true college spirit. Unless he has an unselfish devotion to his institution, unless he has a responsive sympathy for his fellow workers, he has not college spirit. And in fine, the man who can handle the pick in the service of his institution as readily and willingly as he can the gavel, is the man who will take from his college course far more than all his books and "labs" have given him; and in his ability to distinguish music and poetry from stuff, to tell a picture when he sees it, to separate good company from the merely harmless, and to recognize in simplicity the keynote to nature and in nature the broad and beautiful, he will have acquired a culture that will abide when his Cicero and Horace, his Thales and his Calculus are but words to unfold to memory the cherished names and faces and associations of his college days.

—C. E. S.

The Heroines of the "Faerie Queene"

In his portraiture of women in the "Faerie Queene," Spenser gives us two conceptions of beauty; one form of which he calls that beauty which gives pleasure to the eye of man, intoxicating by its abundance and gorgeousness. It causes the greediness in man's being to become almost unconquerable at sight of such a wonderful beauty. The other form is called the higher beauty, and it is found within the soul of a woman, shining out as an illuminating power on mankind,

causing the brilliancy to be reflected. It is an invisible, divine radiance that elevates and inspires one to noble things.

These two forms, which may be designated as physical beauty and spiritual beauty, may sometimes be found combined in one character; the result is a woman that is the product of the imagination of the highest and most ideal kind.

Spenser does not confine himself to the creation of a beautiful woman having a certain prominent characteristic that causes her to be a type, but he gives her a harmonious combination of virtues that makes her ideal, and through her possession of these various womanly graces, she still retains her individualism and the qualities that make her human.

The object of the poet was primarily to teach a moral lesson, and for this reason he caused his feminine characters to stand out as examples of good women, and he introduced evil women in order to show the contrast, to accentuate the desirable qualities of the good women. But their perfections are not so evident that they become superhuman and monotonous; they are human, but yet ideal, and they accomplish their purpose of uplifting the spirit and satisfying the soul.

In mentally noting the beautiful women of the "Faerie Queene", our attention is first arrested by the character of Una, the most prominent heroine.

Aside from her physical beauty, which is indeed wonderful, we are impressed by that soul-illuminating power which comes from within, and is her best guard and guide. She appeals to us in a two-fold way—to the sense of delight in dazzling radiance of beauty and innocence, again to the delight in the spiritual illuminating power of an ideal character, whose purity shines out as a clear light.

What power was it that caused the lion to pause in his advance, and to be captivated by this fair damsel, and to finally become her friend, champion and slave? Was it not this same power that enabled her to bear her sorrow when she thought that her lover would prove unfaithful? Was it not fearlessness and trusting hope? St. George, in his meeting with the giant Despair, is overcome by a fascination that seems to take away all his power of resistance, and he is about to sink into the depths, when Una reaches out and saves him. She does not reproach him for his weakness but is only glad to reclaim him for her own again.

Una's endurance of joy is as brave as her endurance of sorrow. She is able to control her emotions so that she appears calm, although she feels very keenly and deeply. She can recognise good and evil, and she can display a marvelous strength when it is necessary for her to do so.

Spenser's imagination created surroundings to accompany all these scenes, and they were planned to form an effective background for the beauties of the personages. What a picture is presented to us where

Una comes riding through the forest among the trees on the lion's back, herself more white than the snow, her long, loose gold hair hiding her shoulders. We see the weakness of strength as well as the strength of weakness in the fair maid and the savage beast, and with it all we can realize the luxuriance of the whole scene.

The next heroine that we wish to notice is Belpheobe, whose joy is in the company of her maidens and whose greatest treasure is freedom. She is dressed in hunting suit, and the healthy color of the chase is in her face. She is an exquisite creature of the forest with no thought other than her pleasure in her wild free life. There is an atmosphere of luxury about her personality and attire that causes us to be reminded of the gorgeousness and simplicity of summer nature at its height. She is not seeking love, but honor; and she represents the active life. With all these traits of strength, prowess and activity, she is not masculine. She displays the proper amount of horror when she meets the gory knight in the woods, then recovering herself, she assists in reviving him. Spenser left the wholly masculine qualities for the evil women as one of their attributes, perhaps.

Belpheobe is a woman of strength and rich beauty and having great courage, but with all these qualities she is as pure a woman as is Una. She might have served as the leader and protector and example for the weaker types of womankind.

Amoret is Belpheobe's twin sister, and she has been reared among the womanly graces from her childhood and she stands as an example of true femininity. Spenser created her after his conception of an ideal woman, and she has all the characteristics of a perfect being.

After her abode in this atmosphere is over, she begins life on her own responsibility. Immediately after her wedding she is siezed by the enchanter, Busirane and she is chained to a marble pillar in his den. While here she is the victim of terrible tortures while the enchanter vainly tries to make her prove unfaithful. Her goodness and purity, however, remain her sole protection and at length she is delivered and given back to her husband by Britomart. It is a very ideal ending of an ideal fairy story and the character remain ideal throughout the tale. It teaches an excellent moral lesson in many ways and the character of Amoret may well be taken as a model.

Britomart is a new and different character and somewhat unlike any of her kind in the way she has been reared and the outcome. Like Belpheobe she follows the free life of the forest. She has been trained to wield the spear and the cross-bow and she was physically constituted to lead this life of liberty. She knows that some day she will meet her appointed husband but she does not dwell much on romance during these years of communion with nature.

One day she thinks about her future, and she looks into her father's enchanted mirror and sees the helmeted head of the knight

that she will love, while she recognizes the passion as one that she must conquer or it will conquer her. She becomes love's champion and the battle within herself is very furious. It seems to be a heavy burden that she is almost unable to bear and the weight of it overpowers her so that she cannot do her accustomed duties. Finally, she meets her lover and she overcomes him, and is then conquered herself. This is a peculiar passion, this love of Britomart's, and she seems very loath to let it have its own way. Finally, it becomes so great that she cannot check it and it conquers her.

In the portrayal of Florimell, we find quite a touch of the romantic. In the usual way, she is beautiful, true, pure and in distress. She is a delightful creation of the fancy like a fairy vision of an enchanted wood. Undoubtedly the circumstances connected with her in this story are all that cause her to be possessel of any substance. In her faithfulness to Marinell we find her romantic adventures very pleasant to our liking for the fantastic and fairy like conceits connected with elves and mermaids. There is not much depth to Florimell's character, but she is a necessary element to the general scheme of the whole poem.

Our minds are brought back to the woodlands and the shepherdesses in the last of the poem when we become acquainted with Serena and Pastorella. Even their names suggest their closeness to nature and simplicity and the old idealism returns with their advent into the closing of the poem.

Although Spenser presents to our imagination many beautiful and good women, he also presented characters whose traits were folly, shame and vice. We recall Duessa, the enchantress Acrasia. Hellenore and Lucifera, among the evil woman characters. There is a very wide difference between the good and bad in the poem, and it is none the less true with regard to the feminine characters. Who are good at all are ideal, and those that are bad are monstrocities of vice endowed with the powers of attraction and deceit.

Spenser looked upon beauty in woman not for the sensuousness that he found there, but for the womanhood showing through the beauty of form. The ideas of chivalry still influenced him, and aside from the giants to be conquered and the fair ladies to be protected, there were the human passions to be controlled. Then his moral idealism and beauty blended so that the two were always found together, one signifying the other. He is best in his portraiture of women because he could blend beauty and morality so harmoniously and so effectively. They were so real to him that they were his constant companions and he thus came to know them all so well.

And the happiest thought of all is that no matter to what unpleasantries the feminine characters were exposed they remained the ideal women that they promised to be in the beginning.

—CLARISSA SPENCER.

A Curious Gentleman (Continued)

For days I dreaded every minute lest I should see something which would suggest the horrors of that luxurious apartment of the Hote Napoleon. But one never knows what forces are at work until he is made aware by results.

The night succeeding my remarkable experience the horrid thing which I called hag, for lack of a more correct term, paid me a visit to inform me that my presence would confer a great pleasure upon the professor and that he desired to speak with me immediately upon subjects which he thought would be novel and interesting, but as the clock was then striking midnight, an hour when visiting seemed very much out of order, I did not desire to hear or see anything more novel than should be forced upon me. Therefore, I outwardly ignored the presence of my visitor by slipping quietly under the bed covers where I remained snug until the thing, seemingly taking the hint, disappeared, whether through the door or wall I was unable to perceive, owing to the difficulty of my piercing the semi-dakness of the room through the blankets.

Being naturally a religious person, I was not slow to recognize a Providential warning in this matter, so early next morning, I took my departure for the country, with the intention of building up a few billion shattered nerves, for I realized the importance of the part these accessories of terror generally play in such visitations.

And there the rural quiet appeared to be all that was desirable. If it had not been a mere semblance. The third night of my stay, I discovered my city visitant to be stopping in the country also—probably for the freshening of sunken cheeks. I was made aware of her presence in the same house with myself in a very disagreeable manner. The creature had probably been riding most of the night and, being sleepy mistook my room for her own! I was very angry and she withdrew at once, though she must have been offended, for she left some kind of a sign upon my door. At least it was there next morning, a skull and crossbones, an infinity mark, containing in each loop a figure 4, and below these there were four diminutive figures that resembled an old Egyptian representation of men. These red drawings gave me the creeps, glowing there on the panel of my door. And the apparition was imaginary, but how to account for those lurind drawings burning their image upon my brain.

Needless to say, I returned immediately to town, preferring the professor and the bag to the unconfined bones. Already I was revolving some very earnest thoughts in regard to the inadvisability of bones' being permitted to run at large.

My course was as straight as fences and buildings would allow; its end was in the professor's parlor. I was impelled thither irresistably—perhaps by a stronger personality or the attraction of a kindred

spirit. However, though much given to speculation I did not philosophize a great deal as to why my route should lead thus, it just went that way, so I went along also, most natural thing in the world—only vaguely realizing that perhaps it is better to go when you go than not go where you go.

The professor was still smiling as he stood there in his mysterious den. He bowed graciously and said in a king-like tone, "Good afternoon, my friend, I was just awaiting you before going to walk. But you must first have lunch for you look famished. Come right in, sir, as though my little den were your own." Then he added in a low intense tone, "I hope it will become permanently yours; that we shall live in each other together with our family."

Though peculiar, this struck me as encouraging. As yet no mention had been made of my former visit and I hoped there would be none. I was apprehensive of seeing that ugly, skeleton hag again, returned from the country, if she had ever been there. He rang the bell for lunch, and my heart was in my mouth with the thought that she would appear from some place or other to bear us company. But happily, my apprehensions proved for the time groundless. There was nothing in the room to cause me perturbation save the bag of bones hanging from the ceiling, and now I had in a manner become accustomed to that.

Having more of an inclination to examine the details of the room than I had during my previous visit, I took the opportunity, with the professor's consent, to inspect great array of books which were arranged carefully on shelves occupying one whole side of the room. There were books of every imaginable and unimaginable kind, treatises upon all manner of subjects, but the majority by far were translations from the Sanskrit, treating largely on functions of the mind, limitation of matter, and others whose matter I could not at all understand, and many of a religious character touching on theories, especially, of transmigration. While I was thus examining the books their proprietor was throwing in a word of clear explanation here and there. Relative to the preponderance of Hindu literature in his library he said that had been the study of his life, so what wonder that he should have a few books written by the old Hindu sages? I was very much interested in all that I saw and heard of my friend's classical acquirements, especially since I had put some time and energy into the study of the Sanskrit, and there is nothing more fascinating than new, old material to a student of the ancients. He was exceedingly pleased with my very evident interest and took great pains to acquaint me with the tremendous extent of his researches. There were many works of his own, including a book called "Facts on Affinity," compiled for his own assistance he said. Already I had seen enough of these literary glories to cause me to lose consciousness of the outside busy world; but he had saved the greatest treasure for the last. As we neared the corner over which the bag of

bones seemed to hold infernal sway where stood an immense old fashioned mahogany cabinet he could not conceal his exultation. Tremblingly his fingers undid the lock and a door sprang open.

"A small collection of Hindu parchment treasure," he said in a low voice.

"A SMALL collection!" I ejaculated as I saw the heaps of yellow parchment, seemingly filling the large interior to overflowing.

I stood amazed. It was like stumbling suddenly from out the bright sunlight of today into a dark, mysterious recess of caves or tombs constructed in the mystic, dreamy dusk of a past civilization.

"Well," he said in answer to my exclamation, laughing as delightedly as a child, "If you prefer a larger adjective, I have no objection. It is the largest collection in the world and well rewards me for the labor and patience I spent in the land of mystery and black art with the old Hindu Brahmin, whom I served in my youth and early manhood. The great man taught me the significance of these treasures and then when he was ready to entrust his soul to its search for the all-soul, he gave over into my keeping his whole hoarded treasure of records and gold. I took the Brahmins learning and his name—Hindu, both. The former you will learn, the latter I now tell you, Durain—Professor if you wish. Yours I do not wish to know, unless 'tis the name by which we shall all know you."

We had entirely forgotten lunch. I, with a strange fluttering at my heart, dwelling upon his every word, breathless for the utterance of his next, had been filled with an ecstasy, a zeal which would be delayed at nothing for such knowledge as he could impart. Each of us was infested by the emotion of the other. We stood with finger tips reverently touching the yellowed parchments for a long time, talking by turns and looking intensely into each other's eyes, our spirits fluttering against material walls in the effort to unite.

Finally, consciousness of the waiting lunch and my probable hunger dawned upon him and he abruptly lead the way to his dining room, but had he realized the famished condition of my spirit which at last knew the savour of a spiritual food, my physical needs would have meant just then nothing to him. Still after a second interruption, the conversation was continued in a way—we talking of the powers of the mind and imagination.

Imagination at this stage of the meal was a subject of particular interest to me, for I had not yet recovered from the interruption, the scene subsequent to his return with apparent great self censure for having neglected an habitual custom, to the parlor for the bag of bones, which he had nearly neglected. These he placed upon a small table beside him, and putting his hands upon them, looked upward for a moment with great emotion apparent upon his face, speaking passionately in Hindu. At the same moment there appeared a figure which must

have been the same whom with stern reverence written upon her features, I had called hag; but now thought her not such. She drifted shadowy between us, blessing, imploring and encouraging him at the same time. She was anything but revengeful now. One might have termed her Spirit of Hope, but she awed me still.

My host saw my expression as soon as he lowered his eyes, and the apparition disappeared. He smiled quietly. "You are puzzled," he said, "at the appearance and behavior of my 'wife,' know that both you and myself are truly fortunate in your being able to see her,—the essence of my thought. Yours and my spirit are kindred and easily joined by imagination. That is a lovely medium of communication for friends."

"Tell me," I ventured, "How can she be wife of flesh and blood?"

He smiled more amusedly. "Merely by metaphor; merely by metaphor, that is all—yet it isn't all. My dear friend," he continued seriously, "do you not know that every mind is inhabited by apparitions, nay, by persons, more or less distinct? It is the tendency of everyone to establish concreteness. Sometimes he who can himself see and make others see his thought, desire, picture is called great and accomplishes great things."

Then reverently, "Thank God! I can see at intervals the creature of your mind, vague tho' they be—so vague that when you yourself struggle blindly to see them you cannot. And I thank God that you can see through my mind the purpose of my existence, the guide and continual companion of my every effort. That figure is indeed spiritual, disembodied spirit busied with the fulfillment of its decreed duties, dwelling ever present in my mind. Your vision shall be so wide and as penetrating as mine."

Until far into the afternoon we talked. I seemed absorbed in a stronger personality. Neither commenting nor arguing I sat and listened and believed, growing more elated like the stages of intoxication; but there is no relaxing as in drunkenness. My thoughts go faster, faster, and the world whirls dizzily to keep up. Something must give way under such tremendous strain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

College Grades and Their Significance

Students as a rule desire that their grades should be high even when they do not give the full amount of time and attention to their work. No matter how indifferent they may appear during the semester, near the end there is great concern as to whether they have earned an A grade. True many on entering college resolve to earn the highest grade possible; and this resolve is their beacon so long as they are students.

Again there are some who, while they may have such purpose in mind, lose sight of it entirely before the year is well begun.

But as the term draws to a close there is a keen desire on the part of the indifferent ones to regain their lost ground to deserve an A grade. Many would if it were possible, begin the same semester anew, manage differently and keep their work up to a good standard. Of course those resolutions are all very well, but students should be the last to try experiments; they are in college for a definite purpose, and in accomplishing that purpose, they are forming habits of thought, and developing traits of character which will be theirs for life. It was only a few days ago when the semester closed at the college of Study Hard that the Spectator came to a full comprehension of this. At the close of that week there was the usual state of affairs consequent upon the termination of a semester; scenes of a number of students writing upon final "exams," others with rolls of manuscripts running about the campus seeking "Prof," some with despairing countenances as though they had lost every friend in the world; and a few with smiling faces and an air of confidence in themselves and in everything about them.

After four o'clock, when all work was supposed to be over, we wandered into one of the lecture rooms where a number were taking a final "quiz." Selecting a seat—unintentionally—near the writers and taking up a book we were soon interested in the wonders of evolution. Our attention however, was destined to be called away for a few moments, one of the "quized," sitting near us, remarked to his companions that he had written on five examinations that day which should have been written on during the semester.

"You see," he said, "I hadn't been keeping up very well in my work and when the day for a test came along I "sluffed" rather than write on it and fail. But I promise this faithfully, I shall never do so again. I tell you a man is foolish in not keeping his work completed up to date. For the last week I have been in a very agitated frame of mind least I should not get my grades; and besides I fear I shall get a B grade only, whereas, I could have easily earned an A."

"That is my fix exactly," broke in another. I deliberately missed seven tests—four of them in this stuff—intending to write on them at my leisure, but I reckoned without the "Profs." They reserved the right to give them when they pleased. As it turned out, all set the same day—the last. I have been cramming for the past three nights until I don't know whether I am on foot or horseback."

To us, this statement seemed to fit the individual exactly. The poor fellow looked as if he had not slept for a week, and his heavy eyes and listless demeanor bespoke the fact that he was not in a condition, mentally, to perform his work.

The day after this event while promenading about the campus

with Highgrade he told us of a conversation he had with Ben Indifferent on this very point. He said, "Ben in talking about the work he had accomplished during the semester just closing hinted that he would not attempt so much again if half the world would be his gain. In trying to carry more than the usual amount of work as well as take part in the various societies and events about the college, believing he could get as much from this source as from the lecture room. For this reason he did not attempt to maintain more than a good average grade; such as one might expect from an ordinary student. Contrary, however, to his expectations he got behind and try as he might he seemed to lose ground daily; until finally he felt he was such a failure in the class room that he actually dreaded to meet his professors even on the campus. For this reason alone he would rather take less work and remain longer at the institution and derive more from the work outside of the class room than try to carry an impossible burden."

"I have often noticed," continued Highgrade, "that as a general thing students may be divided into two classes, so far as regards their grades—those who try to keep it up to the highest standard, and those who are indifferent to the outcome so long as a passing grade is maintained. The first class of course consists of the best all around students. They have first place—when they take an interest—in the college societies. They easily secure and retain the confidence of the student body, and they have at all times the respect and esteem of the faculty. This latter, perhaps, many of them prize as highly as their A grade. The assurance that a petition to carry more hours, in order to take a favorite study, will not be turned down is a boon worth striving for. Then, too, a good strong grade in all studies denotes ability; and ability is what counts nowadays, and nowhere is this more apparent than in college. Power to overcome difficulties in college work which depart from rules; i. e., such work as is not of the ordinary and requires some thinking. This is the power that counts in the ordinary affairs of life where original thinking is necessary for success.

Of the other class there is as much in their favor as against. It has been demonstrated that many who have not maintained a high standard in college often become the most successful in the affairs of the world. While pursuing their studies their research in the library and investigations in the laboratory are not so much for examinations as for information. As a rule when such men leave college they have a fund of knowledge which they are able to put to use.

However this is not the case in every instance. Some few of this class simply apply themselves just enough to get through, and on taking up their life work the same lack of effort is apparent.

Now, I do not want you to think I consider an A grade the prime requisite as a recommendation for a college student. There are other phases of college life in which he should play an important part. If a

student can do this and secure an A grade besides, so much the better; if not, it is better to sacrifice a part of his high standing and secure some of the other life.

However, many of those who get low grades do not take an interest in other college affairs; they do not consider for a minute the welfare of their college. Their time is given to purely trivial matters outside of college life and consequently their grade merely represents their effort to get through. Again some take too much interest in college affairs and as a consequence their grades suffer. This class really deserves to excel in grades but have not the time to devote to their studies.

Taking all in all I believe a B grade very often represents as much ability as an A grade. Because the student who earns it faithfully while securing benefit from college associations loses nothing, but gains much.

Still every one takes great pride in having a high standing in college work and leaving out of the question what a B grade will often represent, I would prefer the A grade." —SPECTATOR.

Extract from a Clarkia Debate

Resolved, That fudge is more detrimental to a girl's college career than lack of study."

Some of you may consider this a very trivial matter upon which to concentrate the attention of so august an assembly as the Clarkia Literary Society. Allow me to bring forward a few reasons why this subject has been before us for consideration. First. This is a subject of universal interest, for I venture to say that there is not a Clarkia member who does not consume, at least, an average of from one to two pounds of fudge per week. The paramount importance of this discussion, its weight, its significance, can only be fully appreciated when, in the light of this fact, we consider what fudge is.

I find two definitions, both indicating the dangerous nature of the compound, as well as the fact of its being very frequently eaten in large amounts. The first says: "Fudge is that most abominable heterogeneous conglomeration of sugar, milk and chocolate, which unwise individuals consume in most stupendous quantities." The second definition I wish to have you note carefully, as it contains many important statements to which I shall refer later. "Fudge—a mysterious concoction compounded by the devotees of the gustatory goddess when assembling in solemn, secret sessions known to the initiated by the vague term "spreads," ingredients mostly unknown; color dark brown; consistency that of partial baked mud pies; must be eaten only between the hours of eleven p. m. and one a. m. by candle or moonlight; very often sent in

large quantities to young men; result of eating usually fatal after a longer or shorter period of time." In the light of these awe-inspiring facts who could think of eating even a crumb of the dangerous mixture?

Now, let us consider what that other term of the question, "lack of study" means. "Lack of study is that innocent indulgence in things other than books, which may, and indeed, generally does bring to the participant benefits of far greater importance than the study which has been neglected."

Now what is the end and aim of a college course? Is it to pour into a girl's head all the information which the bygone centuries have been storing up with the evident purpose of overwhelming her in a second deluge? Is it not rather, to be a mental training, to sharpen her wits, to fit her for adapting herself to all situations, to aid her in meeting emergencies? Consider this: Most any person can sit down and if she study long enough and hard enough, she can prepare any lesson that may be given her. But when thro' lack of study, a girl goes to the class-room unprepared, does she not meet an alarming emergency in the shape of question marks which buzz about her ears and endeavor to bore their way into her brain? By repeated practice in trying to ward off these offensive missiles of the instructors, she soon brings to perfection the art of "bluffing" which is universally known as one of the greatest brain polishers in existence. Moreover, this art will aid one in extricating herself from unpleasant situations. So you see that instead of being detrimental, lack of study is a praise worthy occupation to be recommended and diligently pursued.

Just here, permit me to introduce some very weighty evidence as to the deleterious effects of fudge, physically, mentally and morally. An eminent authority on "things in general" has given a very learned dissertation on this important subject, and I shall quote a few passages from the article.

"Fudge is one of the most destructive, pernicious, and inimical constituents that can be taken into the system. It does not require mastication and, consequently passes into the stomach in its original condition. Here it is indigestible because it cannot be acted upon by the necessary secretions, and being indigestible, it is thereby a health destroyer."

What more conclusive proof can you have of the terrible effects of eating fudge, unless I add the facts mentioned in the definition, that it can be eaten only between eleven p. m. and one a. m., and that the result is usually fatal! Why, the only real impediment to any girl's college career is physical debility and here we see that fudge not only wrecks the health, but is often fatal.

"But," our celebrated authority continues, "the physically deteriorative influences of fudge are only the most insignificant and trivial when compared to the effects which its indulgence produces upon the

gray matter of the brain. When sugar, milk and chocolate are mixed and heat applied, a chemical reaction takes place according to the formula $C_6H_{12}O_6$, $C_4H_8O_4$, H_2O , H_2O_6 , $C_4H_8O_2$, $C_6H_{12}O_6$, $C_4H_8O_2$. The first two and the last substance are harmless, but the $C_4H_8O_2$ is a residuum of a character very analogous to the sedatives, that is narcotics, intoxicants, and antidotes. These sedative characteristics are very dangerous and pernicious, since the gray matter is made entirely quiescent by them and often a SOFTENING is caused. In other cases, its action upon the membrane is not so radical and it only causes partial insanity, dementia, insomnia or some analogous disease."

But beside physical and mental debility, fudge brings demoralization to the consumer. It induces a lack of self-respect, for who can have that quality when she is going about chewing a cud of a concoction for all the world like tobacco in appearance, that weed which is disgusting to every animal except man." Here I must pause and interrupt the voluble stream of eloquence which flows from the author's gifted pen, in order to correct an erroneous impression which might be made by the next statement. Following the remark about tobacco, the article says, "even as fudge is to all except woman." This I regard as a base slander, for does not our definition say that it is "often sent in large quantities to the young men," and show me, if you can, the young man who will not consume that large quantity in its entirety.

Now, which do you prefer? "A girl, physically a wreck, mentally an imbecile, morally a degenerate being, or a maiden who is healthy, happy, self-respecting, mentally alert and aggressive, the sunshine of the house by day and the brightest star by night?"

—MAY LAFOREST.

My Heroine

When we undertake to write upon a subject of this kind we feel that it will be hard to do it justice. Every man has his own conception of an ideal woman, and hence this essay will be in harmony only with the mind of its author. Some will doubtless agree with us on certain points while others will think we know nothing of our subject. Again, it will be an injustice to many girls, for other men will prefer what we do not. We hope that no one will take offence and if the subject matter does not suit you, just attribute it to the peculiarity of the author, of whom we hope you will never know the identity. Not that we are ashamed of our heroine, but because we know that we cannot voice the sentiments of all.

A girl in order to be my heroine must be popular. In college there are three parties to be considered—the professors, the boys, and the girls. We would have our heroine well liked by all of these. How much

difference there is between the actions of young women in the school room. Again, certain ones the professor desires to hear in his classes, others he would much rather have take other studies. We do not believe it is the grind that is the most popular. Surely, one must attempt to get her lesson and also demonstrate that her heart is in the work. The girl then must first show clearly that she has the right idea in her education. Secondly, she should be popular with the boys. It is by no means necessary for her to be giddy and fickle in order to accomplish this. A man that is a man, admires the other sex, far more when they possess womanly virtue, which is impossible in a fickle one. But by their personality girls may show that they are not adverse—do not be TOO forward—towards the men. Finally, a girl must be popular with her fellow girls. These have the best opportunity of knowing her and if they do not show an affection for her it is not likely that any one else should. Is it impossible to be popular with the three parties? Never. Certainly no one can suit every person, but she can be liked by a great majority.

We have said that our young lady must take interest in her studies, but she could do more, she must show an interest in the different branches of college life such as the literary society and Young Woman's Christian Association. Not this only, but she must take part in the college social life. It is not at all necessary that she belong to a clique and we much prefer that she should not. By this showing disposition to forward as much as possible the college organizations the young lady will endear herself to the great majority of her fellow students.

It is well also for a girl to have some accomplishment, as for example, music. This however, is not absolutely essential, but since we are portraying what to us is an ideal creature, we might add this virtue. Of course, all girls are not possessed of this talent, so we can hardly bar those who by nature are not so fortunate in this respect as others.

Next, let our heroine be blessed with good looks, be pretty even to beautiful. They say beauty is only skin deep, but while we are about it we might just as well have her perfect. Bacon says that fine looking men are for the most part endowed with no other blessing, but this we believe is erroneous in the opposite sex. Every man has a different opinion in regard to beauty, so we shall not place in contrast our individual idea with all others. But let this be kept in mind that one's dress and general appearance many times count for as much as good looks. On the other hand how often we see a young woman's beauty spoiled by her untasteful apparel or untidy appearance! Let our heroine be neat. There is no need of such elaborate dressing, but let there be simplicity which will always be admired.

Now one of the best means of increasing your good looks is by outdoor exercise; and so we would have every college girl, so far as possi-

ble, take a live interest in the different sports, golf, tennis, basket ball, etc. By taking part in these she will become strong, healthy, and graceful, without which three attributes no girl can be an ideal one. We would say that these are far more to be desired than personal beauty and many a man would be won by them when he would scorn beauty that was not backed up by these. To be a heroine a girl must prove herself one by taking interest in the sports of the boys. These she cannot play, but can show that she is in sympathy with the efforts put forth for the glory and edification of her school. It is far more the part of a heroine to go out often and stand on the sidelines and encourage the football team, or any other team for that matter, than it is to walk around with some fellows that never take part in athletics. This is one way of winning the heart of an athlete and he in my estimation is the ideal college man, provided he does not become too enthusiastic over sport to the detriment of everything else.

Now a girl must have a mind of her own and that a strong one. A heroine should never be whimsical, capricious, or fanciful, but let her possess constancy and steadfastness. She must be of a cheerful disposition and never of a morose and sullen nature. This latter trait will not only spoil her own happiness, but also the cause of losing many friends. Cheerfulness is something like charity—it will cover a multitude of faults. We like to see a girl enjoy herself, for in this way she infuses life into those around her. Modesty and reserve are characteristics of every lady and we cannot have our heroine without them.

Some may think that to lead such a life would be too strenuous. However, you must consider that we have been trying to portray a young lady who approaches to some extent the ideal. Moreover, you will notice that we have dealt more with the external appearance than the inner life. Such is but natural since the actions are the means by which we judge a person. It is only the very few whom we know intimately, especially in a large college.

Now, we are not thinking of entering into a state of matrimony any ways soon, but when we begin to think of such matters we are quite sure that a young lady who possesses all the accomplishments and virtues of "our heroine," will receive at least our first proposal. —G.

My Hero

Did you ask me to give seriously the traits which are essential to make my hero?

Well the first requisite I would make for him is that he must be moral. Religion even is not out of place in a boy, in fact, it adds to his character, but he must never become goody-goody.

He must be able to appear well. Now this does not mean that he

must be handsome or finely dressed, yet it does mean that he should appear every inch of him a man, his features may not be regular but they must be strong and portray honesty in every line. His clothes should be neat and chosen with taste; his judgments should tell him when certain garments are appropriate; he should know that sweaters are not to be worn to classes, and in halls and on campus only when preparing for some athletic duty. If he would only remember that the girls consider them slouchy and that they make him appear lazy, we would see fewer of them.

His appearance is due somewhat to his disposition. My hero must be jolly and good natured, ready to enjoy a joke on himself as on some one else. He must feel at ease, for nothing is more uncomfortable than to have some one around who is always afraid he won't say or do the correct thing. In short, he must be well kept and easy mannered.

Now there is another requisite for my hero to look for in himself before he is acceptable, that is he must cultivate, educate or find in some way the power to perceive when he is not wanted. No matter how well a boy is liked by his girl friend there are times when she would much prefer to walk home, carrying her own books and left to her own thoughts. This trait may be difficult to attain, but watch for and take the slightest hint she may give you. Remembering that oftentimes "Absence Only Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

I do not believe that is scarcely necessary to mention that a man to suit this girl or any girl must be courteous. Not only to those whom he likes and those who are good looking, but also to the less fortunate sisters. Another idea might here be dropped, girls consider it discourteous of a boy who waits until the twelfth and one half hour before asking to take her to a play. Any act on the gentleman's part which shows kindness and thought will not go unnoticed even if unspoken of by the girl and he does not lose much oftener gains by taking a little more pains and trouble.

To be a first class companion and that is what I care for in a boy he must be able to converse. A conversation of questions answered by a mere yes, or no, grows tiresome no matter how spirited the questions. This requires an interest and sympathy common, and education. One's mental faculties must be developed so that he can think, judge for himself and state his opinions. He must not always agree with me for variety adds spice. I wish to feel he is just a little stronger and better able to speak on the subject than I, as this gives something to work for if I reach his level.

Along with this mental development must come the development of his body, for what can a full grown brain do in a half grown body? For this reason I wish him to be interested in athletics enough to see that each member of his body is in perfect condition.

Nothing has been said as to what degree this ideal man is to be

educated. I do not know as it is absolutely necessary that he be a college graduate or not, but since I am a college girl and expect to take a full college course, I much prefer my hero to be a college man.

If he is a college man his requirements are set at a higher mark than before for more is to be expected from him than a man with fewer opportunities. In college he must be never a sluffer, sponger or grinder; a boy filled with spirit and enthusiasm for his college. He must lend his support to each branch of work; the support must be actual, not all talk but his share of work. The work should ever be done with the good of the college in view not for glory and popularity for himself. Here he has his chance to stand for his own convictions, not be a speaker for a clique behind him. Of all things he must not make himself conspicuous about the halls and campus.

Perhaps those traits all to be embodied in one single man will be hard to find but my hero will and must have them.

PRIZE STORY

"Her Revenge"

It was a peaceful September morning, but Mrs. McGinty did not feel in the least peaceful as she sat with brows knitted planning revenge.

Only that morning at breakfast she had told Mr. McGinty that she would make him repent his practical joking, and he had laughingly replied that she could do nothing but THREATEN, that she had lost all her sprit, and that half the fun of their old habit of joking was gone since she no longer did her share but always fell a victim to his plots.

She could not bear that—anything seemed preferable. SHE who had always been the victorious one, who had always been able to outwit him in the days before they were married! Could it be possible that in four short months she had become staid and lifeless like a common place matron? No, Indeed! She would prove to him that the old spirit was not dead. But how? Thus she sat thinking and planning, rejecting one scheme after another. Many of them would have suited on an ordinary occasion, but after her morning's threat she felt that she must do something desperate.

"I have it!" she at last exclaimed jumping from her chair and clapping her hands like a delighted child, "It's grand! Why didn't I think of it before? Mollie is desperate. Lookout, Jack McGinty!" continuing after a moment's pause, "Yet there are drawbacks even to this; in this little town whatever comes to the attention of ten people is known by the larger part of the two thousand in a day or so. We are not well known here except in a formal way."

She had been counting the objections on her fingers, but paused with the third and said decidedly, "For better, for worse! I WILL do it. Jack MUST repent, no matter what the cost."

Then came another idea and her eyes sparkled. She could play the joke and AVOID these objections. How glorious! To play a decidedly good joke and escape all unpleasant consequences was something almost unheard of.

A bright smile played about her lips as she resumed her work, and when Mr. McGinty came in to lunch, it was with difficulty that she greeted him in a natural manner.

"Shall you be in your office this afternoon, dear?" she asked as he was preparing to leave.

"Yes, the whole afternoon, and alone I think. Will you come in and keep me company for awhile?"

"Perhaps I shall since you will be alone. But I won't promise."

"Be sure to come; goodbye," he said as he left the room.

About three o'clock Mrs. McGinty emerged from the door of her home, carrying her shopping bag into which she had slipped her purse, a mirror and a small pair of scissors, and walked briskly down the street. She stopped at the drug store to purchase a package of black court plaster, and then went quickly on to her husband's office. As she entered the little outer room, she noticed that the inner door was closed. Luck was certainly in her favor. She stepped in softly, took out her mirror and scissors, and unwrapped the court plaster.

Fearful lest at any minute he should open the door or anyone else should enter she worked quickly. Turning her head from side to side to notice the effect as she patched up her pretty face with that black court plaster. When she had finished the image which the mirror sent back seemed to afford her great satisfaction. The rubbing to which she had subjected her face had given it a red and swollen appearance.

She opened the door and went in. Yes, there was Jack at the desk. He turned with a smile of greeting, but when he saw her face his own took on an expression of mingled alarm and astonishment which gave Mollie keen delight.

"Mollie, what is the matter? What has happened," he almost groaned.

She allowed herself to enjoy this part of her joke for only a minute. The best part—her real joke—was yet to come. "Nothing has happened, Jack. I am only having my revenge. I am simply showing my spirit."

For a full minute he looked at her dumbfounded—utterly amazed and then as the full purport of her plan burst upon him he arose and walked across the room with the words, "Mollie, how dared you? Do you mean to say that you came through the streets with your face looking like that?"

"That's exactly what I mean to say, Jack McGinty, and more than that; Mrs. Butler whom I met on the street gazed at me inquisitively and asked what the trouble was. I replied that I did not care to give the details, but that you were the cause of it. Before this time tomorrow everybody in town will have heard about the dreadful way in which Mr. McGinty beat his wife, but I don't care a bit, not a bit, so long as I have the satisfaction of proving to YOU that your wife still has some spirit."

But Mollie, think of the consequences! Oh, why DID you do it? And all for a petty revenge! It can never be explained. We might as well pack our possessions and leave town tomorrow."

"Jack, broke in Mollie," only tell me that I have more spirit than I had a year ago, and that you will never complain of my being stupid again."

"Confound it! of course you have spirit. Too much of it, but that doesn't mend matters. Mollie, Mollie, it is almost too much to forgive."

"One thing more, Jack, promise me that you will never again indulge in practical joking."

"Promise! I would promise anything if only you could get us out of this as easily as you got us into it."

"Then I'll tell you Jack, I didn't do it," (Jack's face was a study.) "I put it on in the outer office and no one saw me, NEVER A SOUL, but you Jack, and I'll never joke like that again—never again if you won't Jack."

"Never!" said Jack and stepped quickly toward her with the intention of sealing his promise with a kiss, but he turned around suddenly and went back to his desk. Her patched up face was too much for him.

—MAY HAMILTON.



EDITORIALS

John D. Jones

Another half year's work has been recorded in black and white on the University register, and once more students will have to make their choice of new subjects. The past semester has been one of the happiest in the University's history, and let us hope, the most successful to every individual attending. Those who have received all A's let them go forward with new vigor and fresh courage to duplicate their past record; and those who received A's and B's or all B's, resolve to work harder and more conscientious than ever, so that June will find them in the front rank with A grades. To those who received I or C, remove the condition at once, delays are dangerous, and the D's— well if you made an honest effort, no disgrace, try again, but if not, heaven forgive you for throwing away such golden opportunities, and for imposing upon the generosity of your parents and teacher. "Time is the stuff life is made of." begin to economize now.

The second semester is still new, and offers greater opportunities than the first. With oratorical contests, debates, track meets, base-ball and tennis, certainly every student should find an opening, and look forward to coming events with keen interest. Thus let all resolve, not only to do your best in your classes, but also to enter heart and soul into college activities.

* * *

The season for debates is now on. Definite terms have been made with W. A. C. of Pullman, and the following question agreed upon:

Debates "Resolved, That the United States should withdraw from the Philippines; following its precedent in regard to Cuba." We are to take the negative side. A debate with Montana Wesleyan of Helena has also been arranged and will take place towards the last of March or first of April. Question to be debated, "Resolved, That it is for the best interests of the world that Russia defeat Japan." Sides have not yet been chosen. The W. A. C. debate will take place on second or third Friday in April. Both debates will be held here, and since both institutions have defeated us once, it is imperative that we should win this year. It is up to us to show our friends the stuff we are made of, and raise our standard in debating lines as we have in football. To do this, there is only one way; that is for everyone to get in and work, have a lively preliminary contest, and good team work for regular debate. The success of this year's debates

depends entirely upon interest shown by student body, and interest must be of two kinds, i. e., contestants in preliminary contests, and enthusiastic support of winning teams. Every student who has a speck of debating quality, should enter, and thus show their metal, loyalty and determination to put up winning teams. We must win. Our future debating relations depend largely upon this year's success.

* * *

Closely allied to debates are the oratorical contests. The Buckley contest comes off April 7th, and the winner represent the University in the State contest at Helena the first week in May. First, we want a spirited local contest, and thus

Oratorical Contests be able to carry off the honors at the State contest, as we have for the past four years. A winning oration can not be written and prepared in a couple of weeks. Strenuous work along this line should begin at once if not already, if we wish to maintain our standing.

Secondly we have an opportunity to enter the Oratorical League of State Universities, and to have the preliminary contest of the Northwest section here; the winner to go to Portland where finals will be tried. This is an opportunity we can not afford to miss, and we should by all means have several representatives in preliminary contest. A full detail of rules and subjects of Oratorical League will be found elsewhere. Thus it seems that ample opportunities are open to those who wish to enter debating or oratorical lines. Make your decision now, and enter some of these contests if you have not done so. Remember the motto suggested by The Kaimin early in the year, "Whenever, Wherever, Our University Forever."

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January and February seem to be very auspicious months for fraternal circles. A short time ago the Eta Phi Mu celebrated its first anniversary, having organized on Jan. 15, 1904, and began housekeeping Feb. 4th, of some year. About the

Fraternities same time this year another movement towards forming a fraternity was in progress and strange to say the movement centered around the same house that served as first chapter house of the Eta Phi Mu's, and is likely to become the official Frat house of the new fraternity.

The new fraternity is the Sigma Nu, a national order, well known in the fraternity world, having chapter houses in all of the leading colleges, and is especially strong in the south and west. The University of Montana should feel honored in having a national chapter installed here, and The Kaimin wishes Sigma Nu's success, and hope their chapter will become one of our permanent organizations.

* * *

In looking over our exchange list for last month The Kaimin was

more than pleased to notice a marvelous growth in bible study and increased interest in all religious lines. Bible studies, especially, are being taken up by nearly all the colleges of the Northwest. This work is a branch of Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. work too often neglected, and allowed to take an inferior place. Bible study is of great value to a college, in that it clears the moral atmosphere and gives a purer tone to college life. We are glad to note that a bible class has been organized here and has met with success. The recent call made by Mr. Hill, International Secretary of Y. M. C. A. did much to awaken interest in religious lines. Let us hope the work will prosper.

Bible Study

* * *

The Kaimin was well rewarded in its prize offers of last month as twelve stories were handed in and all showed splendid work and some were especially fine. Miss May Hamilton succeeded in carrying off first prize, and we take this occasion to congratulate Miss Hamilton upon her success and hope The Kaimin will hear from her again. Miss Hamilton's story entitled "Her Revenge," will be found in full in literary department. Mr. Ralph Gilham won second prize, and his story showed much originality and contains excellent plot. Mr. Gilham comes from Townsend and is in the first year of college. He certainly deserves much credit for his effort. Now that the short stories have given such good results let us hope that the prize for best U. of M. song will be closely contested.

Prizes

* * *

Dr. H. K. Wolfe, who is to take Prof. Hamilton's place has arrived and is making acquaintances with his classes. The Kaimin wishes Dr. Wolfe every success in his department and hope he will have many happy years to spend in the chair of Mental Sciences.

* * *

Last month The Kaimin came out under new management. Mr. Simons, who managed The Kaimin during the first three months of its career was forced to resign, owing to heavy work. The board of editors take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Simons for his splendid and efficient work in launching The Kaimin, and regret very much to lose him from the staff. For a new manager the board was unanimous in favor of Mr. John Lucy, and who by last month's work has certainly proved himself worthy of the place. * * *

\$ \$ \$

The University of Montana has a bill in the legislature asking for \$51,610 appropriation. This is exactly the amount we need, and expect to get it. The penitentiary and insane asylum get several times this amount and certainly we are as deserving as they, and many times as useful. Friend Legislature please remember us among your appropriation\$. \$ \$ \$

Societies of the University

Society circles have been somewhat quiet during the past four weeks. The end of semester is filled with the vicissitudes of "cramming" and "quizes" so that the ordinary individual is kept pretty busy, attending to school duties. However, the societies have not been idle as their respective notices will show.

* * *

Associated Mechanical Engineers

The association is thriving remarkably for one so young but its growth and prosperity is warranted since so much genuine spirit and enthusiasm has been shown. The "boys in blue" have plenty to do and are always up and doing as they have lately shown. They intend to publish a journal of Technology and have already pledged themselves to take \$65 worth of stock thus leaving but 35 shares for honorary members and alumni. The new publication will be somewhat new dealing entirely with scientific subjects and such things of real worth.

No space will be devoted to jokes or such light material. The editor will be elected in a short time and the work will then begin upon one of the best projects that the Engineers have ever attempted; while the undertaking is large, the benefits are also large in proportion and the good to be derived from its publication and handling will greatly excell all expectations. The staff will be composed of Editor-in-Chief, Business Manager, Secretary.

The association meetings are now held Thursday the 4th hour and all visitors that present themselves at Physics Lecture Room will be shown every courtesy and will be given a chance to speak for themselves unless of a too retiring disposition or have made other arrangements with the chairman.

There will be a very large attendance at the next few meetings on account of the coming election and the stock may advance in value as some of the wiser ones have predicted, but if it does, may be sure the financiering element will be present with the stock for sale. The success of the project is assured for Prof. Sibley has taken a great interest in the movement from the first and is as enthusiastic about this as he is about any good sound proposition. The boys are very much obliged to him for his deep interest in their proposition and are hoping to prove their ability by the work done.

The Sign of the Four

This month marks an epoch in the history of the SIGN OF THE FOUR. A fearful time is that of rebellion under any circumstances, but when civil war between spirit elements is contingent, what terrors of known and unknown regions arise to daunt the courage of man! The following is in brief the account of the uprising and its subdual as given by one of the bone wardens himself:

"Immediately after my masters had finished the Rites of Disintegration" and the polished and annointed skeleton of the I-Tap-a-Keg, who had made the acquaintance of those whose companionship he had been assigned to, it was discovered that the ambitious spirit was furthering a conspiracy against his benefactors, or masters, for overthrowing this beneficent rule and setting up Anarchy or Freedom of action according to the dictates of individual conscience in their stead. In a very short time the cellar containing the bones was in a turmoil of civil war, the rebels under the leadership of the worthy spirit already referred to. Finally the force of quickly moving spirits burst the tight walls of their prison house and many, disgusted with the seedy conditions of their old clothes (or bones), quitted their dwelling place for a lark like the sprees of ungodly ghosts which do not know the restraining influence of our society."

"The above mentioned I-Tap-a-Keg proved himself an intrepid leader. He and his followers straightway winged their flight toward the University where they perpetrated all manner of impish pranks. As to what they did we cannot say as we have not yet received a creditable list. But Kessler says "He thinks that is what ails his cat." The Woman's Hall authorities complain that the night was filled with "catania" but seductive whistlings and bird calls. Yet the worst reported was the condition of Prof. Elrod's laboratory skeleton which, the next morning, was still carrying on in a most remarkable way with coquettish side-turnings and modest droopings of her head. We learn that the audacious leader himself quite captivated her heart in the flirtation, which ensued upon their meeting. The janitor was entirely confused and dumfounded by the night's strange occurrences, however, the only lasting effect upon him was a slight disarrangement of his dictionary, which affected his 'immoracity' considerably. In Science Hall they even devoted electricity to their prankish ends, and, next day, the spirit moved professor and students alike with uncomfortable violence. By some curious art coeducational murmurings in the Convocation Hall rendered eternally audible to attentive ears—in the rear part, particularly. Many suspicious persons blame these ghosts for the ever present love tableaux visible there. Indeed the claims for annoyance and damage are numberless."

"The task of retaking these festive spirits was no light one.

Toward morning the rebellious I-Tap-a-Keg was discovered by our forces in the middle of a pretty speech to Miss Laboratory Skeleton's Spirit. In reply to our requisition for his surrender, he answered prettily, with hand over heart that 'it was too bad to take Miss Laboratory Skeleton's Spirit's valentine from him' that he was 'her valentine.' "

"Despite his eloquent appeal to our gallantry we brought him sternly before the Great Four who were sitting with awful countenances as a tribunal of justice. His followers slunk one by one into their old abode, glad to be left unmolested. The trial was brief, the sentence most condign. In execution thereof, the society's astronomers were set to work describing a parabola railed like a railroad with infinitesimal lines on which an imaginary carriage, entirely frictionless, constructed by the mechanical engineers might run without risk of flying the track, the carriage, wonderfully light, was smeared by our magicians with a syrup obtained with greatest difficulty from maiden's lips, whereon is a substance which entirely counteracts the attraction of earth, known as gravitation. In accordance with the indubitable decree of the mighty court, the miserable rebel spirit was infused into such a carriage and in the awful, cold silence of the midnight following his fatal action, surronuded by unsympathizing fellow spirits, the stupid I-Tap-a-Keg, unwary still, was projected along the path of the parabola, through the immensity of the heavens on his journey into exile to the moon, where his stay must be eternal, for he sluffed his mathematics and so cannot now or ever find his way to earth."

* * *

Hawthorne Doings

The last month was a quiet one in the Hawthorne. The cause was due to the fact that the semester was on the eve of closing and because the most active members, who have been assigned parts on a programme soon to be rendered, have been busy with their preparation. The new members, however, have been given an opportunity to try their metal, and many have demonstrated they must be reckoned with in future debates.

On the evening of January 14, Vice-President Willis called the meeting to order, and, the programme, as published, was carried out. Charles Schoonover read an interesting paper on "Current Topics." Hart Willis spoke on "Senatorial Forecasts," his talk was very good and showed much thoughtful reflection. The regular debate, "Resolved, That further annexation of territory is not for the best interests of the United States," was ably handled by Haywood and Whitesitt for the affirmative and Cotter and Logan for the negative.

The meeting of January 28, was well attended and ten candidates elected. This session was truly a meeting for the new members, and they proved themselves equal to the occasion. The president was re-

requested to give an extemporaneous talk; and on asking what his subject should be, the First Critic assigned the subject, "A sophomore Party. The President was somewhat taken back by this theme; but collected himself quickly and gave a very thoughtful discourse. The regular debate, "Resolved, That the Negro would be better off in servitude," was turned into an impromptu debate and all, except those prepared, asked to take part. Everyone requested did so and the spirit evinced showed that the question was not only an interesting one for discussion, but also that there is considerable debating timber among the recently admitted members.

Those who made their initial speech on this occasion and demonstrated themselves competent as extemporaneous speakers, were Chas. Cotter, Fred Whitesitt and Donald McGregor. Quite an elaborate programme will be rendered at the next meeting, where no distinction will be made between the new and the old.

* * *

Eta Phi Mu

This has been a red letter month in Eta Phi Mu circles. We are now over a year old and are beginning to feel proud of our age. The fraternity was organized on January 15th, 1904, in the famous little lunch room of Woman's Hall, amid songs, feasting and speech making. A little over a year ago a house keeping was begun and the order has enjoyed continuous prosperity. Although purely local as yet, the Eta Phi Mu have high hopes of joining one of the big national fraternities inside of a few years. It was deemed wise to celebrate our first anniversary, so plans were made for a big spread to be held at the "Frat Grub Box," on 222 S. 6th street, on January 21st. The house was tastily decorated largely with red and white crepe, which by the way, are the Frat colors. Japanese lanterns were also used with artistic effect. Beds and other paraphernalia were made to disappear and chairs and tables took their places, and a series of games such as "Up Jenkins," sticking peanuts, blowing bubbles, fishing, threading needles, animal, etc., were arranged so winners could advance progressively.

At 8:00 p. m., a bus with a committee of three was sent around to bring the lady friends, who arrived by 8:30. Dr. Craig and wife, Prof. Rowe and wife, Prof. Sibley and wife, and one or two of the boys served as a reception committee. Games were begun and things began to move lovely until 11:00 p. m., when all sat around tables and lunch was served, about an hour later the bus again called to carry the guests home.

For progressive games, Miss Della Steward won first prize, and Miss Alma Deschamps consolation. For young men Mr. Dickinson took first prize.

The guests were the following:

Dr. and Mrs. Craig, Prof and Mrs. Sibley, Prof and Mrs. Rowe, Misses Wallace, Alma Deschamps, Regina Deschamps, Duncan, Fox, Glancy, Robb, Toole, Murray, Ross, Sibley, Ward, Hatheway Welch,, McBride, Hardenburg, Hughes, Brainard, Featherman, May, Della and Arminta Steward.

Another feature which has greatly added to the comfort of the fraternity was the purchase of a piano some weeks ago. This has supplied a long felt want, and much pleasure will be derived from it.

* * *

Clarkia Society

The Clarkia Literary Society held its regular meeting in Literary Hall, Jan. 24th. A goodly attendance was present in spite of the small-pox scare which drove a number of our members home.

The programmes during this month have been very good, each member performing her duty with enthusiasm. At the beginning of each meeting, time has been given for drill either in parliamentary laws or impromptu debates. The society is becoming a part of school life. An hour spent there will prove very beneficial as well as enjoyable to any student.

At our next meeting which will be held next Tuesday, Feb. 14th, officers for the ensuing term will be elected. It is the wish of the officers that every member be out.

As this is the opening of the school semester, our society should increase the number of members. Let each member speak to a new student and bring her to visit the Clarkia. The society as a body is desirous of students coming up and visiting. You will be heartily welcomed by all. Just come up once and see.

* * *

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has taken a new hold on life. Mr. Hill, the International Secretary for the Northwest, made us a call and gave a very interesting address in chapel and also to the association. Mr. Hill, outlined the field of action, so let us hope new vigor will result. Bible classes have been organized and good work is to be expected from this quarter. Situated as we are several hundred miles from the nearest college Y. M. C. A., we are apt to become despondent; but when we meet such men as Mr. Hill and hear what others are doing all around us, we feel like giving the wheel another whirl and take fresh courage.

The devotional meetings for the month have been spirited and much good derived therefrom. Let the Y. M. C. A. be out and moving, the field is large and workers few. It will soon be time to devise ways and means for sending a delegate to Gehart, Ore. Get busy.

Band Notes

Band notes are very scarce on account of the vacation between semesters and tardiness of members in returning to school.

The band will have a good chance to show its good qualities at the Interscholastic Meet and we feel certain that the boys will be in attendance with some of their choicest selections. The music as rendered in comparison with their efforts of last fall is immensely better both in time and tone.

The band dance was a very enjoyable affair and the music was simply fine for the leader was more than busy receiving boquets from those dancing. The band boys did not dance many times for they were kept busy supplying the demands for encores which often proved to be twice as long as the selection originally played.

The proceeds of the affair was turned over to the Athletic Association and if the band hears of a demand for a masquerade in the future there may be some more Athletic Association dances. How does it seem to you????

* * *

Y. W. C. A.

The association has improved a great deal during the last month, due probably to the strenuous New Year's resolutions made by its members. We hope and expect that the increase of attendance and interest will be permanent.

The time and place of the meetings have been changed, and they are now held in EVANS' HALL, at ONE O'CLOCK WEDNESDAYS. The meeting on January eleventh was led by Miss Garlington, the subject being "Our Critical Spirit." The topic being a pertinent one, was eagerly discussed by those present, and then Miss Ross sang "Just For Today." January eighteenth was a red letter day with the association, the attendance at the meeting being the largest of the year. Miss Robb treated the subject, "Two Bible Women of Great Opportunity," very ably and the meeting was especially interesting due to the inspiration which nearly always accompanies numbers.

On January twenty-fifth, the subject was a practical one, "The Student's Standard of Honor." The leader, Miss Simpson, touched upon many important phases of student life. The missionary meeting of the month was led by Miss Taylor who gave an interesting paper on the "Life of Women in China." We are just beginning to appreciate the broadening influence of these studies of other lands, so different from ours.

The Y. W. C. A. enjoyed and profited by Mr. Hill's visit almost as much as the Y. M. C. A., his advice upon many perplexing subjects was very helpful, and his knowledge of the world-wide movement was

an inspiration to us. However, we hope for far greater benefits when Miss Barnes, one of our own national secretaries, shall visit us in March, and we bespeak the hearty support of the students to give her a royal welcome.



Athletic Department

Lawrence E. Goodbourn

January and February are dull months for athletics in our university. There seems to be absolutely nothing that will be of interest to our readers. It is almost too early to boom either track work or baseball and we could hardly do so if we desired, for there has not been but very little done in either branch. For a while it seemed as though track work would soon be in full sway and several appeared on the track, but the coming of the colder weather put a stop to the work, and now all has to be done inside, which fact is a serious hamper to quick development. Still, by training in the gymnasium and taking cross country runs the men may get into excellent physical condition and so be prepared to round into form much more quickly when the weather permits.

Baseball is better fixed in some respects and not in others. The directors of the athletic association have seen fit to appoint Jack McLeod as manager for the coming season. He has already written to several institutions both within and out of the state and has hopes of securing as many games as the team can play without taking too much of their time. The boys are arranging to buy suits which they have badly needed for several seasons. The team is not permitted to play in the gymnasium, but all men are hoping for an early spring in order to show what they can do. As to the material in sight we know verily little except by reputation. This much is certain that there will be very few of last year's players on the team this season. If the new men live up to their "reps" the team will be first-class and the chances of winning the state championship excellent. We have been given to understand that some new men may enter school this semester, so we shall not enumerate the players until next issue. It is to be sincerely hoped that all will push this work and make both track work and baseball a success this season.

Since our last issue there have been two games of basket ball between the first and second preps. against the third preps. In the first game the former were victorious, while in the second the third preps claimed the victory which their opponents denied, claiming it a tie. Both games were hotly contested and were characterized by general rough playing on both sides.

In the contest for the championship of the state, Montana College of Deer Lodge has a good lead having won every game up to date. Their opponents have been Missoula Y. M. C. A., Montana Agricultural

College of Bozeman, Anaconda High School, and some less important schools. Deer Lodge must certainly have a fine team and unless some opponent turns up who is able to vanquish them their title will be without dispute. Most of the games have been played at Deer Lodge, which fact has given them some advantage. We can look on as interested but unprejudiced fans and hope that the best team wins.





W. O. Dickinson and James H. Mills, Editors

"Paper, Mister."

* * *

We have a wolfe at our door now.

* * *

Let this semester be even more profitable to us than the last one.

* * *

A good many new students have registered.—Good luck to you all.

* * *

"Don't forget the first hour in the morning, King. I will be ready when you come past."

"All right, but don't let Carrie see us."

* * *

Miss R——! "Mr. Dimmick, how long did it take you to get the problems?"

Mr. Dimmick—"It took me 15 minutes to get those I got, and two hours to get those I didn't get."

* * *

The local editors has decided with the aid of Andrew Carnegie to give a leather medal to the student who puts in the most locals. The box is in the library. It won't hurt you so please patronize it.

* * *

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, and how do you tell those twins apart?"

"Aw, it's easy. I sticks my finger in Dinnie's mouth and if he bites it I know it's Mike."—Ex.

* * *

Elocution Student—"Did you notice how I moved the audience last night?"

Miss Kellogg—"Yes, a regular stampede."

Roby—after first time at church—"A man passed around a plate with some money on it but I didn't take any."

* * *

"Why did they vaccinate the Dorm girls when they were quarantined?"

"To keep them from breaking out, I guess."

* * *

It is rumored that the "professors" used a great deal of red ink making the third and fourth letter of the alphabet.

* * *

If all my thoughts in vain were thunk,
And all my winks in vain were wunk,
What saved me from an awful flunk?

My pony.—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Yule in shop work—I've done almost as much since I began as I did since I started.

* * *

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Alice?"

She—"I don't think I could.

He—(spitefully)—"Alas, it is as I thought, you are too old to learn.

* * *

There was a young maid Anabel
Of her secrets she never would tell
So we questioned Phil Torry
Which made her so sorry
She threatened to jump in the well.

* * *

"Little eyes of blue, of a girl named Sands,
Make the mighty Seniors, want to hold her hands."

* * *

It is told that Johnny Flynn expects to take all his meals at the "Dorm."

At last one dormitory girl got married—who would have thought it.

* * *

The Mechanical Engineer Association is alive and rushing things along. Already work is being done on a "Journal of Technology," which they expect to publish in the spring, and then after that to make it a quarterly. It means much to the University and should be encouraged by all the students.

* * *

Many of the students spent their vacation at home. One in particular went to his "home, sweet home," in Spokane. People were quite surprised to see him return alone.

Alice Welch and Ona Sloane spent part of their vacation at the Fort. The officers had finished their tests, so the skating rink wasn't the only attraction.

* * *

H₂, SO₄.

Directions—

You take a few pieces of zinc
And you put in your generator
Add water, then plug in the cork
And pour in H₂ SO₄.

Observations—

The action was not very brisk
When I put in H₂ SO₄
So I tried nitric acid to see
If the dope wouldn't bubble up more.

Conclusions—

As I mixed up the acid and zinc
And swept up the glass from the floor
I concluded I'd stick to directions
And try my own methods no more.

—M. E. R. In College Songs.

* * *

Hans—"Have you for me dose mittens sewed already, Gretchen?"
Gretchen—"Nein, Hans, I have those mittens already, knitt."

* * *

Say, Hart, do you know the quickest way to get down church steps?

"Sure, Mike."

* * *

MY HOSIERY.

The hours I spent with thee, dear socks
Are as a string of holes to me
I count them over, each one apart
My Hosiery, My Hosiery.

Each hole a darn, each darn a swear
To still a heart in anguish wrung
I darn those socks until the end and then
The pain is just begun.

O mended spots to rub and burn
The agony my comfort mocks
I trim each corn and strive at last to learn
To wear those socks, in vain to wear those socks.

—Whitworthian.

"Why do the band boys carry watches?"

"So they can keep good time I'spose."

* * *

DIARY.

Feb. 1st.—Jim Mills cracks a joke—Too bum to publish.

4 p. m.—Cora and Roby paraded on the campus.

Feb. 2nd 8:30—Fay and Jack come to school together.

11:15—Fay and Cary walk around the campus.

4:00—Fay and Roby walk home together.

Feb. 3rd., 9:30—Ted calls up 109-A and gets a bid to the "Fort."

3:30 p. m.—Stella visits Leo in the M. E. Department.

4:00 p. m.—School is out.

9:00 p. m.—Arthur Steward leaves for Spokane.

Feb. 4th—King asks Carrie to go to the 10 cent show. Refused

9 a. m.—4:00 p. m.—Laboratories are full.

9:30—Girls at "Dorm" invite boys to toast marshmallows.

Feb. 5th, 9:00—Boys all sick who went to the "Dorm."

11:30—Johnny Flynn and Minta go to church.

11:55—Johnny left his nickel in his other clothes.

3:00—Jim Bonner and Loretta go walking.

Feb. 6th—Prof. Sibley's department invaded by girls.

7:30—Big bunch go to ten cent show.

Feb. 7th—8:00 a. m.—Ray Walters goes up Rattlesnake.

9:00 a. m.—He gets there.

12:30—Dinner.

2:30—6 p. m.—Big long talk.

9:00 p. m.—Agnes leaves for Chicago.

9:01—Ray is broken hearted.

* * *

Ma—"You were out after ten last night."

Son—No, Ma, I was only after one.—Ex.

* * *

The Czar sat still on his bomb-proof chair

And merrily sang "Tee Hee!"

"I will not go to the blooming front

For the front is coming to me, Hee-hee—

For the front is coming to me."

* * *

The winter blasts are cool

But Harmon(y) comes with May.

* * *

The boys who went up the Rattlesnake report having a big time.

* * *

She—"I wonder where those clouds are going?"

He—(after refusal)—I think they are going to thunder.—Ex.

On Saturday night January 21st, the Eta Phi Mu fraternity entertained some of their lady friends at their "Grub Box." The house was decorated in red and white, the "Frat" colors. Progressive games were played Miss Della Steward, Miss Alma Deschamps and Will Dickinson winning the prizes. At midnight, after a merry time the bus came around to take the guests home.

* * *

S. S. Teacher—"Why is it wicked to cut off a cat's tail?"

Small Boy—"Because the bible says that what God has joined together, let no man cut asunder.—High School World.

* * *

WITH APOLOGIES TO COLERIDGE.

It was a freshman young and green
That stopped the Sophomore boy
"Just think," he said, "I passed in 'Trig.' "
And my heart is filled with joy.

The Sophomore turned and glared at him
And a light shown in his eyes
"Just wait until you strike something hard
And you won't think you're so wise."

"Just wait 'till you have passed in Algebra
And pulled through 'Analy't'
You may crow for joy then all you wish
And I won't care a whit."

The freshman boy so young and wiley
Wore a down cast look in his eyes
"Just think that I must take all that "dope"
And take it under R——."

The Freshie cried, "I'll switch my course
It will be no snap indeed
Because I know that I've few brains
And what I have I need."

* * *

Boy—"What did you do when Miss Sands said you were odd?"
H. Cyr.—"I told her I would get even."

* * *

Sextette Girl—"Don't you think my voice is heavenly?"
Mrs. Whitaker—"Well—er—it certainly is unearthly."

* * *

Sparks—(Looking into the Physics lab.)—"Dear me, but I think Alameda is pretty."

"Caeser sic dicat an de cur, egressie lictum."

Freshman translating—"Caesar sicked the cat on the cur, I guess he licked him.—Ex.

* * *

VALENTINES.

THE VALENTINE OF THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Oh, be my valentine, my love—
A paper lace one in a box, my sweet,
With chromo posies all dedizened up,
And verselets with melodious feet.

Or, darling, if thou dost not wish
To be my valentine to this extent,
Oh be a funny one, my love—at lease
My highly colored comic for a cent.—Argosy.

* * *

Miss Buckhouse to J. M. in the library—"Mr. Mills, will you please leave the room?"

J. M.—"I haven't the slightest intention of taking it with me."

* * *

Ed Corbin has succeeded Herbet Hughes in the Chemistry "lab." Reports are around that Herb found he couldn't keep up with his Foxy girl and work at the same time—and then its his last semester and why not enjoy life.

* * *

Owing to Miss Lulu Railsback's serious illness of the past month her parents thought it best to let her rest for the remainder of the year. We are sorry to lose Lulu from the student body, but equally happy that she recovered from the sickness.

* * *

Miss Helen Goddard was sick at the "Dorm" for a while, but now her smiling face is again seen in the halls—and around the campus.

* * *

The editors look forward to some interesting roasts on replies to the stories "My Heroine" and its companion, "My Hero."

* * *

The recital given by Prof. Gustav Fisher was the best ever heard at the "Varsity." Prof. Fisher was court violinist in a province of Germany and any lover of music can well see how he attained that high honor.

* * *

The Juniors enjoyed a most pleasant evening at the home of Joe Buckhouse the latter part of January. They report Joe and the rest of the family as royal entertainers. Judging from the time they came home, they surely hated to leave the Buckhouse hospitality.

One of the most enjoyable events of the month was the Sophomore party given at the home of James Bonner on Saturday night January 14th. Whist and other games were played. Stella Duncan and Elmer Johnson carrying off the honors in whist. During the serving of refreshments toast were called for from every member present. The responses all showed the loyalty to "Naught Seven." After the feed a "jolly up" was held and then the class departed voting John Bonner an all around number one host.

* * *

Little bits of ponies
Little bits of preps;
These two go together,
And they win a "rep."

A little bigger pony
In his Freshman year
Helps him pass his classes
And fills his heart with cheer.

And still a larger pony
When he takes third year
Surely with the teachers
Puts him to the queer.

And in his Senior classes
When all studies go agin' him
He wishes he had trusted more
To the stuff that's in his cranium.

* * *

What are all those people rubbering in the Frat house for? Oh, yes, that horrid noise, why it's only Del trying to play "Now I'm Longing for you" on his fiddle.

* * *

Only a bunch of failures
That's all some of them had
It was most on account of sluffing
That put them to the bad.

* * *

The University supper to have been given for the interests of the Athletic Association was called off on account of non-interest. Can't we get more enthusiasm for the good of the University?

* * *

He—"You remind me of a star."
Dorm Girl—"Because I am so bright?"
He—"Because you are a little light."

On the 28th of January the Seniors assembled at Dr. Craig's house for a party given by the Seniors themselves. Pickets were posted that afternoon and owing to rumors of a "rush" they decided to accept Dr. Craig's kind invitation and use his home for the occasion. The first thing was the feed and it was a "hummer." Jack Rawlinson Haywood, however, was a little late owing to an unexpected hunt for his silk plug. In some mysterious way his hat left his room at the "Frat" house. After the feed, singing and a general good time followed. At a late hour they left for their homes after a delightful evening.

* * *

A Boston boy's refusal to second helping:—"No, my dear hostess, I beg leave of you to report the fullness of my digestive organ and under no possible conditions will I so far incapacitate myself by a secondary assistance of the nectarian eatables which your bountiful festal board offers."

* * *

NOTICE:—HERE IS A FAIR ENOUGH PROPOSITION.

Every student in the University knows that it is hard enough to publish the Kaimin and that to make any money out of it is impossible. We depend upon our ads. to pay for the printing. That means the support of all the business houses in Missoula. When they refuse to help us as well as themselves it is time for us to let them know that their ads do bring "Varsity" trade. Why should we patronize non-advertisers when they don't patronize the paper that voices our sentiments. Try patronizing only the advertisers and the rest will soon realize their mistake. Help those that help you.



Oratorical League of State Universities

The following is a complete copy of rules and regulations of League, and subjects upon which orations are to be made. It would be well for students to read them carefully.

I. MEMBERSHIP: Participation in the contests conducted by this association shall be limited to under-graduate students of State Universities.

II. DUES: The annual dues of each University shall be three dollars; and no institution shall be regarded as a member of the association until its dues shall have been paid to the chairman of the Central Executive Committee and a certificate of membership issued. The money so received shall be used by the committee to defray the necessary expenses of the national organization.

III. PRELIMINARY CONTESTS. (a) Division into geographical sections: In making divisions for preliminary contests distance shall be taken into consideration, and no geographical division shall be formed for the purpose of preliminary contest without first having the approval of the Central Executive Committee. (b). Time of Contest. Local contests may be held at any time prior to the section contests, but section contest should be held not later than one month before the final contest. (c). Expenses. Each local university may meet its own local expenses in whatever way it deems best—by admission fee, assessment, etc. At the section contest receipts and traveling expenses shall be pooled and divided so that the burden of expense rests on all alike. (d). Rules governing the contest: See rules under final contest.

IV. FINAL CONTEST: (a). Eligibility: Each State University having won a place in a preliminary contest shall be entitled to send one representative to the final contest. (b). Time and Place of Contest: The contest shall be held at such time and in such place as seems best to promote the interest of this association. In determining the time and place the Central Executive Committee will take into consideration the desirability of making the contest financially successful. (c). Expenses: Whatever money remains after paying all necessary expenses shall be divided among the contestants in such a way as to equalize the burden of expense among the contestant. (d). Choice of sub-topics: At eight o'clock on the day of the contest the speakers shall meet in a body and proceed to draw by lot from the list of sub-topics here submitted. The topic so drawn by a speaker shall form the theme for his discussion, and the number of the topic as here given shall determine his relative place on the program. (e). Speakers' Time Limit: In the discussion of any sub-topic no speaker shall be permitted to occupy more than fifteen minutes. (f). Prizes: Substantial recognition will be given to the victor in the final contest. The committee hopes to be able to announce that two cash prizes will be offered—one of \$100 and

one of \$50.

V. JUDGES: In both section and final contest men should be chosen who are qualified for the position and whose reputation is a guarantee of unbiased action. All judges shall be instructed to base their awards on the general effectiveness of the speaker, and evidence of his power to meet the requirements of public speaking in the practical affairs of life.

VI. UNIVERSITY CREDIT FOR THE WORK: The Committee recommends that credit amounting in all to five hours for one term in the departments of Political Economy and Public Speaking be given for regular class instruction upon the theme of this contest.

The entries for section contests have not all been made out but from the favorable replies received in response to circular letter No. 1, the indications are that there will probably be eighteen or more state institutions represented.

In order that the time and place of the section and final contests may be published as soon as possible, the Central Executive Committee announces that all entries must be made by December 20th; and that no entries may be made after that time except upon such conditions as this committee may impose. As soon as all entries have been made each State University will be given a list of the institutions participating and assigned to that section to which it geographically belongs.

The Executive Committee recommends that active preparation on these sub-topics be begun at once at that local contest be held not later than February 16th, 1905.

LIST OF SUB-TOPICS.

1. The character of the "labor problem."
2. Forms of existing labor organizations.
3. Are the fundamental principles of trade unionism contrary to economic doctrine?
4. Labor unions and wages.
5. Unions and the individuality of the laborer.
7. Co-operation and profit sharing as remedies for labor conflicts.
8. Strike prevention: Conciliation and arbitration.
9. Legitimate strike methods.
10. The union and courts of law.
11. Have public opinion, popular sympathy and legislation done more for the cause of labor than has been done by the labor union?
12. Has the entrepreneur the "right to manage his own business as he sees fit?"
13. Is the domination of laboring men's influence in the government of Australia proving detrimental to the development of these countries?
14. The economic services of the union.
15. The cultural services of the union.



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MAN IS
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Chesterfield

TAKE care always that your clothes are well made and fit you for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air.

—Lord Chesterfield to his son

Chesterfield was surely right. A young man should pay particular attention to the fit and finish of the clothes he wears. No clothing can be better made, or can fit you better than the Alfred Benjamin make sold exclusively by us. It's fully equal to fine custom made in all but the price. The makers guarantee and ours go with every garment.

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